that are in ſome meaſure deſultory, though naturally excited by the ſubject—

In declamatory periods Dr. Fordyce ſpins out Rouſſeau's eloquence; and in moſt ſentimental rant, details his opinions reſpecting the female character, and the behaviour which woman ought to aſſume to render her lovely.

He ſhall ſpeak for himſelf, for thus he makes Nature addreſs man. 'Behold theſe 'ſmiling innocents, whom I have graced 'with my faireſt gifts, and committed to 'your protection; behold them with love 'and reſpect; treat them with tenderneſs 'and honour. They are timid and want to 'be defended. They are frail; O do not 'take advantage of their weakneſs! Let 'their fears and bluſhes endear them. Let 'their confidence in you never be abuſed.— 'But is it poſſible, that any of you can be 'ſuch barbarians, ſo ſupremely wicked, as 'to abuſe it? Can you find in your hearts* 'to deſpoil the gentle, truſting creatures of 'their treaſure, or do any thing to ſtrip them 'of their native robe of virtue? Curſt be the 'impious hand that would dare to violate 'the unblemiſhed form of Chaſtity! Thou

* Can you?—Can you? would be the moſt emphatical comment, were it drawled out in a whining voice.

'wretch!

'wretch! thou ruffian! forbear; 'nor ven-'ture to provoke heaven's fierceſt vengeance.' I know not any comment that can be made ſeriouſly on this curious paſſage, and I could produce many ſimilar ones; and ſome, ſo very ſentimental, that I have heard rational men uſe the word indecent, when they mentioned them with diſguſt.

Throughout there is a diſplay of cold artificial feelings, and that parade of ſenſibility which boys and girls ſhould be taught to deſpiſe as the ſure mark of a little vain mind. Florid appeals are made to heaven, and to the *beauteous innocents*, the faireſt image of heaven here below, whilſt ſober ſenſe is left far behind.—This is not the language of the heart, nor will it ever reach it, though the ear may be tickled.

I ſhall be told, perhaps, that the public have been pleaſed with theſe volumes.—True—and Hervey's Meditations are ſtill read, though he equally ſinned againſt ſenſe and taſte.

I particularly object to the lover-like phraſes of pumped up paſſion, which are every where interſperſed. If women be ever allowed to walk without leading-ſtrings, why muſt they